

In Recital

**Karen Zwartjes, soprano**

with  
**Debbie Armstrong, piano**

and guests:  
**Alison Cassis, Josie Burgess, Brennan Szafron**

**Sunday, February 25, 1996 at 8:00 pm**

**Convocation Hall, Arts Building**



**Department of Music  
University of Alberta**

## **Program**

Vá godendo (Serse)

Let me wander not unseen

Or let the merry bells

George Frederick Händel

(1685-1759)

Meinem Hirten bleib ich treu (BWV 92)

Johann Sebastian Bach

(1685-1750)

**Alison Cassis, oboe**

Von Gottes Güte

Lobgesang

Johann Sebastian Bach

**Brennan Szafron, organ**

Requiem (An old Catholic poem)

Robert Schumann

(1810-1856)

## **Intermission**

Abschiedslied der Zugvögel (1845)

Felix Mendelssohn

(1809-1847)

Die Schwestern

Johannes Brahms

(1832-1896)

**Josie Burgess, mezzo-soprano**

Sonnets of the Portuguese (1955)

Cycle of 4 songs

Oskar Morawetz

(b. 1917)

Ms Zwartjes is generously supported by the Vienna Opera Ball Society.

## Translations

### Vá godendo

Joyously and graciously ripples  
That free-flowing brooklet,  
And with clear waves it runs through the grass  
Gaily towards the sea.

### Meinem Hirten bleib ich treu

To my Shepherd I am true. The cup of woe be  
bitter, as He wills is always fitter, He is near  
when troubles brew. Thru my tears and my  
repining rays of hope will soon be shining. I am  
His and He is my Ruler; Up then, heart, nor grow  
thou cooler, think what Jesus did for thee. Amen,  
Father take Thou me.

### Von Gottes Güte

God, how big is your goodness!  
Which my heart tastes on earth  
Ah! How it nourishes my conscience  
when need and death scares me.  
If something sorrows me,  
If my sins are pressed  
Show me your love which lets me hope  
It can be satisfied and can fight hell.

Your goodness is my life and my best apart.  
This part I get only from you, the chosen One.  
All what the Earth owns  
what she has shown off  
Nobody could have used it  
and the people who did fell into badness  
That he here or there must die.

### Requiem

Rest after sorrowful toil  
And the burning fires of love!  
He who yearned for a blissful union,  
He has entered the Saviour's abode.  
For the just there shine the bright  
Stars in the cell of death,  
For him, who himself as star of night  
Will appear,  
When he beholds the Lord,  
Beholds the Lord in Heaven's glory.  
Speak for me, holy souls

### Requiem (continued)

Holy Ghost, give consolation!  
Do you hear? Songs of rejoicing,  
Festive hymns, joined in singing by the lovely  
angel's harp;  
Rest after sorrowful toil  
And the burning fires of love!  
He who years for a blissful union,  
He has entered the Saviour's abode.

### Abschiedslied der Zugvögel

How beautiful were wood and field.  
How sad is the world now.  
Gone is the beautiful summertime,  
after joy came sorrow.

We did not know about discomfort,  
we sat underneath the foliage  
Satisfied and happy in the sunshine,  
and sang our songs to the world  
We poor birds are grieving very much  
we have no homes anymore,  
we must now fly away,  
and travel to far and strange lands.

### Die Schwestern

We two sisters, we pretty ones,  
Our faces so alike,  
No two eggs, no two stars look so alike.  
We two sisters, we pretty one's,  
And if you weave them into one braid,  
You cannot tell them apart.  
We two sisters, we pretty one's  
We wear identical dresses,  
Go for walks in the meadow,  
and sing hand in hand.  
We two sisters, we pretty one's,  
We spin like mad,  
We sit on the same bench  
and sleep in the same bed.  
Oh you two sisters, you pretty one's,  
now the table has turned!  
You love the same sweetheart  
Now the song is over!

